

## SINTEL

### SCRIPT 1ST DRAFT

1 EXT - FANTASY CITY OF ISHTAR - DAY

We are high, wide, and outside, flying over a bustling, magical looking city at the sea shore. A dense maze of streets and canals glistening in the sun, laundry hanging outside. Houses, balconies, colourful market stalls packed together – like a Venetian-Moroccan medina. Circling above this ants nest, moving up, and down, closer, we see more detail... People and animals, kids playing. A beggar. Rubble and litter in the slums. A snake piper, hypnotising a twoheaded snake. A lean female figure carrying a bunch of goods over her shoulder to the market.

Then a jolt, the city spins and shoots out of sight. We DIVE down... and down... faster, roofs approaching, just missing the bell tower, CRASH - ripping through a tent roof, falling falling... and BLAM! flat on the ground.

Black.

2 EXT - MARKET OF ISHTAR - DAY

Our eyes open, a cloud of smoke. We slowly focus on wooden stands and crushed fruit on the ground. An unsteady look around... A woman shrieks! A cleaver, waving dangerously in front of us, bloody meat in the background. A redfaced butcher woman comes closer. We scramble away, rushing under the next market stall.

[Frog\_perspective]: two slender legs in goatskin boots come up to the stall. Arrows and a bunch of (lizard or snake) tails hanging down from her waist. We're in a corner. On the other side, the burly, leather-clad legs of a man. Talking. The tails move up, SLAM, on the table. More talking, the man lets out a belly laugh. 'I can't use these! Are you kidding me?!' He makes a brisk movement and wipes his table - dropping bunch of lizards right next to us.

Cursing, the girl (SINTEL, 15) crouches down. She looks agile and sinewy, with long green hair. Hunting tools and gear: this is one tough cookie. Pissed off, she goes to pick up her

stock and - looks straight at us.

[Switch POV - we see]: the gleaming eyes of a shivering baby creature, dog-/dinosaurlike, with one broken wing.

In shock at seeing Sintel, it retracts and bumps into a large (leather tanning) pot. It tips... and paint gulps over it, covering the creature's head.

Sintel's surprised look. The baby creature's - now also green - hair is dripping. Sintel can't help but smile.

The leather tanner, a muscly man with dark eyebrows, looks down. His eyes light up. 'Now this I can sell! This is a RARE one!' He whips out a switchblade and immediately goes for the baby's throat.

Behind him, several scruffy kids (only a bit younger than Sintel) are slaving away, carving and scraping hides with a large half moon sabre. One boy looks at Sintel, big scared eyes. She stares. In fright, the baby creature scurries to Sintel, trying to hide behind her. But the leather tanner has already grabbed it. 'You'll make the nicest handbag...'

The knife... the baby lets out a squeal!

Sintel, still holding her tools and tails, decides.

She lashes out at the leather tanner, dropping him to his knees. Furious, he now goes for her throat. He's a big guy, too. Sintel twists, turns and jumps to avoid his knife, the baby creature trying to hide behind Sintel. She's protecting it. The man gets aggressive and increasingly violent, but Sintel shows to be a skilled fighter. She's much more agile and wears him out with her flexible moves, expertly throwing & thrusting her knives *and* stealing his along the way.

At last, she manages to get to the scraping sabre, shoving it at the man's neck, forcing him down - and down into his own tanning liquid.

He screams! the fluid (a mix of urine & excrements - to soften the leather) covers him top to toe.

Marketpeople jeer, and Sintel bolts off proudly, leaving the yelling behind. She's holding the baby creature in a protective tight grip.